

CHRISTIAN TELESCOPE

AND UNIVERSALIST MISCELLANY.

VOL. 4.

"YE SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH, AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE." Jesus Christ.

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Miscellaneous.

FROM THE DIALOGICAL INSTRUCTOR.

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN CALVINIO AND UNIVERSALIO.

Concerning 1 Tim. ii. 4.

[Continued from page 176.]

Arm. Differ! Oh yes we should—I am sure, I'm none of your sort of folks. I don't agree at all with the Calvinists, or Universalists. I think this passage means that God wills the salvation of all men, one just as much as another, and that he sent his son to save all men, and that Christ has died for all men, and that now all men may be saved if they will accede to the offers of salvation, believe in Christ, and repent of their sins. And they never can be saved, you'll find, unless they will repent and believe, and come in with the overtures of mercy, while the day of probation lasts. And if they don't do this, the door of mercy will be shut, and God will cast them down to hell forever. And we know that some don't come in at all, but die in their sins, so then the day of probation is over, and they must be eternally lost. So you see there is no such thing as universal salvation. 'Tis all a lie, invented by the Devil, who first preached it to Eve in the garden. I knew I should confute you; and you can't get over these things. Your doctrine is the wickedest, and most irrationalist notion that can be. I've got the whole Bible on my side.

Uni. My friend you are certainly a man of words, and I do not know but will confute me. I am sorry, however, since you have put your hand so earnestly to the plough, that your team drags it over so large a field without ploughing any where in order.

It is best for us to find out *first*, how far we agree, that we may know where we begin to disagree. Then we will settle one point of disagreement at a time, and so on till, if possible, we may settle the whole. I agree with you; that God wills the salvation of all men alike. That he has sent his son to save all—that Christ has died for all—that salvation is freely offered to all—and that, by means of faith and repentance, and not without, all men can be saved. We need not, therefore, contend a moment on these points. But when you begin to assert, that the will of God never can be accomplished, because men do not all believe and repent within the limits, of what you call the "day of probation," we instantly disagree. I maintain that the *WILL* of God will be accomplished, ultimately. You maintain that it *never* will. To support your assertion you argue, that death ends the day of probation; and that a part of mankind die sinful and impenitent, therefore, they will go to hell to all eternity, contrary to the will of God. You say the whole Bible is on your side—produce me a passage from it, that says any thing about the day of probation.

Arm. I—I can produce more than a hundred.—You talk as if you never read the Bible.

Uni. Produce me *one* to begin with.

Arm. I don't know as I can quote one in particular, so as to name the chapter and verse; but only read the Bible, and you will find it full of such texts.

Uni. Only show me the word *probation* in the Bible—I ask no more.

Arm. Why, don't you believe what I say? I've read the Bible through and through.

Uni. Sir, it is in vain to banter: there is not a passage in all the Bible, which asserts, that this life is a state of probation for mankind, and that if they do not believe, repent, and submit to God, before death, God will cast them off into misery to all eternity. There is not one that *really* intimates as much as this. Neither the mercy, nor justice of God are limited, with respect to man, to any state whatever.

Arm. I say, the finally impenitent must be lost. God never will save them.

Uni. The Bible speaks of no such characters as the *finally impenitent*.

Arm. I know better—I know my Bible says a great deal about them: and so it does

about the day of probation. I a'n't a going to be beat out of the truth by Satan. I suppose you and I don't read the same Bible. They say the Universalists have got a Bible of their own, but I'll have nothing to do with your Bible: the devil must have helped you to make it, I'm sure.

Uni. You are a hard antagonist, and—

Arm. Yes, yes, them that fight on the Lord's side will come off conquerors you may depend. I'm fighting the Lord's battle against the great adversary. You'd better give up.

Uni. If you were on the *Lord's* side, you would not fight so resolutely to make out that the *will* of God shall never be done—to make out that he will be frustrated, and eternally disappointed of what he so ardently desires to accomplish. God is not indebted to you, for fighting to maintain, that the Adversary will finally defeat God's will, and carry off the greatest part of mankind into his rebellious realm. You do not know it; but you are striving against God, against your Bible, against yourself, against the prayers of good men. You and I read the same Bible. This Bible testifies, that God will have all men to be saved—That "Christ has given himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time"—That "death, the last enemy shall be destroyed;" till "every knee shall bow, of things in heaven, and things on earth, and things under the earth, and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father" and that then cometh the end, when he shall deliver up the kingdom to God, even the Father, that he may be all in all. Where then will be your *finally impenitent*? where then will be your endless misery—your Devil, that is to foil the Almighty—your millions and millions of lost souls? "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." It is the *will* of God to bring every poor sinner to faith, and repentance, and salvation; and he is abundantly wise and powerful to accomplish his will. You and I are both commanded to pray, that God's will may be done, in earth as it is done in heaven; and to pray thus in faith, nothing doubting. Why then, do you rise up like a perturbed, and contentious spirit before the throne of an omnipotent, allwise, and gracious God, to strive on the side of Satan, and to argue that God will be frustrated, and disappointed of the salvation of all men? Do you so much as *think* that you are fighting against God, and all that is holy and good in the universe? You are doing *this* through ignorance and unbelief, and are therefore to be pitied more than blamed. In your views of our doctrine, its reasons and evidences, you are altogether mistaken. A stigmatizing

J. S. Greene

hue and cry has been raised against us, which you have heard and believed to be just. You are beginning to learn, what you will hereafter find a truth, that it is not so easy a matter to overthrow the doctrine of universal salvation.

Arm. 'Tis somehow strange! —But—But—well, it's all delusion! I know it's all hellish delusion! I won't believe it! You're wrong! I won't talk with a man that goes on at this rate, turning and twisting the Bible. The Devil, they say, quotes Scripture; and I know the Devil was the first Universalist. He preached your sentiments first, as I told you before.

Uni. Sir, you talk like a mad man, and you will be sorry yet, for having uttered such language. As to the Devil being the first Universalist preacher, as some raving zealot has told you, there is nothing but absurdity, and hot-headed folly in the slanderous suggestion. I wonder both at the stupidity and malice of those preachers who, for so many years have disgraced themselves and abused their hearers, by repeatedly throwing out pitiful scurrility. They know, and you may know, that the Devil never preached, that himself, sin, and death should be destroyed, and all men experience deliverance from the thralldom, in which, under his dominion, they are holden. No: he is a liar from the beginning, and always contradicted by God. When God said "Ye shall surely die," he said, "ye shall not surely die." After all men are dead in trespasses and sins, God says, "He will have all men to be saved" from their sins; but the Devil contradicts him, and says, God will not have all men to be saved, or if he will, he shall not accomplish his will. God says, "the Devil shall be destroyed, sin finished, death swallowed up in victory, and tears wiped away from off all faces." But the Devil again contradicts him, and says, I shall not be destroyed—I shall reign in hell to all eternity, the tormenter of the greatest part of men. Sin shall not be finished, but perpetuated to all eternity in the millions of the finally impenitent. Death shall not be swallowed up in victory, but shall continue eternal, in its worst form. Tears shall not be wiped away from off all faces, but millions and millions shall weep and wail in agony ineffable, to endless ages, world without end. Let us be careful whose cause we espouse, lest haply we be found fighting even against God.

Arm. I shall be deluded! I shall be ruined by you! I wish I had let you alone in your folly. I know you are wrong! poor soul how I pity you! But I won't stay another minute.

FROM THE TOILET.

DEATH.

"When weary life is o'er,
And we reach that dreamless shade,
Where toil and anguish are no more,
And painful memory to rest is laid—"

What will then be to us the world, and all its busy scenes? What will then be the voice that praises, or the mear that condemns, the eye that sheds the tear of regret upon our lonely dwelling place, or the careless and unfeeling foot that tramples upon it? When we sleep in that clay cold mansion, the dreamless sleep

of the departed, the heart then done with passion and anguish, with the tremblings of hope and fear, anxiety and suspense—will never more throb to the maniac dream of pain—nor, in the anguish of disappointment and despair, swell till 'tis broken.

The wretched being, chilled to the heart by the icy aspects of his once-warm friends, till the grave was less cold than they, shall never more meet the well-loved face which has ceased to smile upon him, nor never more endure "the proud man's contumely."—Want, that went like a dagger to his heart, shall never wound him more—And the time-worn captive, that in the death-like gloom of his cell, had stretched him for many a long and lingering year upon the cold ground, shall nevermore send up the anguished prayer for liberty. He is now free and the vengeance of his tormentors has lost its power. The kind hand of death has released him from the ever-during pain of existence, and he who wept, through countless years, in the darkness of a foreign prison, for the boon to look upon those who were dearer to him than his own life; who had claimed his prayers till the last spark of hope had ceased to warm his breast, shall meet the long-remembered objects of his love, in a realm, where no rude hand shall tear their bonds asunder—"Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary be at rest."

Oh! there are many, to whom the stroke of death is more welcome than the gift of life! It is not the rich man revelling on the banquet of abundance—possessing all the heart could wish, or the imagination desire—but the wretch, borne down by oppression or want—bereft of all he held dear—betrayed by those in whom he most confided, and forsaken till the world is to him a dreary wilderness—yet less dreary than his widowed heart—it is to him, that death is welcome. Was his path, upon the earth, rugged and strewn with thorns? Was the cup of life, which fortune held out to him, bitter to his spirit than gall? To that bitter draught shall succeed the overflowing cup of perfect felicity, and that thorny path was the path to a glorious immortality.

OSCAR.

GENIUS AND TALENT.

A man may possess talent without possessing a spark of genius. Talent is the power of exertion and acquisition, and of applying acquisition in a judicious and effective manner. Talent is cool-headed, genius is hot-headed—talent may be cold-hearted: genius can never be other than warm-hearted: talent is generally prudent; genius is often imprudent; talent moves steadily and regularly forward; genius springs on impetuously, and lags indolently by turns: talent forms just and rational speculations; the speculations of genius are often wild and fantastic chimeras. The feeling of talent is judgement; the judgement of genius is feeling—Genius is proud and confident; talent is humble and unpretending.—Talent constructed the lyre, while genius stood by and gave directions how the work should be done: genius struck celestial melody from its chords; talent imitated the sounds, but soul and fire and enthusiasm, were not in the strain. Talent chiseled the form of the Belvidere and Apollo; genius endowed that form with its godlike majesty; its unrivalled grace, and its haughty bearing. Genius designed, and talent executed the mighty plans of Napoleon.—Talent is strong; but genius is both beautiful and strong. Talent influences our reason: genius influences both our reason and our feelings. The mind in which both are united, makes the nearest approach to perfection—since the coolness of talent corrects the impetuosity of genius, and the conception of genius dignify the operations of talent. Genius without talent is wild and beautiful, an erratic meteor; talent without genius is a steady light, which lasts long but never throws a flood of radiance upon earth or sky. Genius is generally in the extreme; talent is always in the mean. Talent is more earthly; genius more heavenly.

Few men or women have courage to hear the truth spoken, with regard to themselves, without offence; and few have so much strength of mind, that they will not be pleased with a flattering lie.—*Toilet.*

FOREIGN MISSIONARIES.

We are aware that newspapers are not the proper places for long sermons; and editors not the proper persons to deliver them. We also know that they owe certain duties to the public, from the faithful discharge of which they are bound not to shrink, from any consideration of personal feelings, labour, favour or interest.

It has always been our intention to treat with respect the honest opinions of others, and give them that weight in our minds, which a due deference for our own will permit; and when, although remaining open to conviction, we continue unconvinced, still to remember that the sincere belief of our opponents is as sacred as our own. And if we cannot convince by sound argument, to leave them in the uninterrupted enjoyment of their own free thoughts, the result of their best judgement.

The ground which we shall take with regard to *Foreign Missions*, is this: *They are not beneficial to our country. They do not render the situation of the inhabitants of foreign lands more happy.* And in support of our first position, we offer the following reasons:—They are not beneficial to our country, because they weaken our charities for the un-informed, for the poor, for the sick and suffering, at home. For every cent carried from Rhode-Island to Hindostan, to nourish the bodies or to improve the minds of the Hindoos, is a cent taken from the same purposes here—consequently it is damping the current of information here in order to turn its waters upon a foreign land; thereby permitting the poor in Rhode-Island to suffer, the ignorant to be ignorant still, and the vicious to go on in their career of vice; while in Hindostan, *our money* is clothing the naked, is building academies, is endowing colleges, and is promoting arts and sciences, among the followers of Juggernaut; until, at last, we may expect to see them among us, diffusing that information which we ourselves have neglected, in our zeal to instruct the poor, in the interior of India. They are not beneficial to our country, because we have need of the talent at home, which is wasted in unhealthy climates. For not only have we among our white population those who need their services, but our forests are still the resort of the untutored savage; simple in his manners, generous and noble in his nature, he stands the image of his maker, in the asylum which the budding forest beyond the Missouri affords him, from the ambition of the whites, driven away from the places which were pleasant in his youth, from the hills and streams which he knew in the morning of his days, from the grove where by the moon's pale ray he wooed his dusky mate, where he taught the young son of his bosom all the arts of the hunter, where the smoke of the council-fire curled upward when the old men of his nation instructed his inexperience; he waits the coming of that day, when the western wild shall be no refuge for the Indian and the broad bed of the Missouri no bar to the white man's avarice; forgotten, the sun of

his existence bids fair to sink below the horizon, without an effort being made to dispel the darkness of the coming night; unremembered, the last of his race may go down to the grave as ignorant as the first that sprang into existence in antediluvian days; uncared for, he may perish in his sins—die in his rude dwelling—without a comfort here, and some have said without a hope for peace hereafter; they sink into oblivion while we are paying men to convert the Heathen at Bombay!—Foreign Missions are not beneficial to our country, because they serve to impoverish it. Because, it takes bread from the mouths of poor men here to feed those of other nations; takes the means of teaching the ignorant here to teach the ignorant in Asia or Africa. Because, honest men are oftentimes swindled out of their donations, by evil hearted hypocritical professors; and although this should not operate against honest missionaries, yet it must be considered an objection. And finally, because, the situation of the inhabitants of heathen countries, is not made better.

They do not render the situation of the inhabitants of foreign lands more happy: Because, the present system of inculcating religious opinions, carries with it to the ends of the earth, all the sectarian prejudices, all the petty animosities which characterise it here. Indeed, so far do these things go, that we have sometimes been almost uncharitable enough to harbour a doubt as to which prompted to the greatest exertions, a wish to benefit the East-Indies, or a wish to plant the standard of their own doctrine in the land of palm trees. Instead of being transferred in an unadulterated state, religion goes shackled with a creed—the tares are mixed with the wheat, and when they have once taken root, annihilation to one is death to the other.

In support of our second point, we have a right to argue from supposition; for the best evidence that can be obtained on either side, is but the supposition of individuals. We will suppose two tribes of the inhabitants of Africa of equal size, and having equal means of happiness within themselves: each living on the banks of the Nile, each enjoying all the comforts of that fertile country; fishing in the waters of that noble stream, tilling the rich soil, pursuing the game which there abounds; labouring in the morning's coolness, reclining in the shade of the banyan tree at noonday.—Let one of these little communities be visited by the disseminators of religious doctrines; (for the sake of argument we will suppose them to be perfectly honest missionaries;) let them be sent by different denominations, and each be labouring to establish his own faith, as he naturally would. Which of these communities would be the most happy, that which was 'blessed' with missionaries, or that which was not? Let this question be answered candidly, we will rest our cause upon the reply.

The history of the natives of India will shew that sectarian preaching has never helped their domestic peace. The British authorities assert, that they have reason to believe the na-

tives have been induced to revolt; by foreign preachers: Thus has blood been shed; thus a nation has been robbed of its possessions; thus has the cause of philanthropy suffered, and havoc and rapine been propagated in the name of the Prince of Peace.

For the reasons above stated, therefore, we are not friendly to forcing money from the poor, by means of rag-bag societies: or soliciting it from the rich by means of subscription-papers; to send out of the country. And we hope, from the very bottom of our souls, that citizens will pause before they contribute—that they will remember the needy among their neighbours—the widows and fatherless children around them—the unenlightened in their own state, who deserve and would gladly receive all they have to spare. The widow's heart would be made glad, to see her boy snatched from the paths of ignorance and folly; and the boy would bless the name of him who should place within his reach the means of smoothing the declining years of her who bore him.

As God liveth, and as our own soul liveth, we have charity for the poor; and we would not see their scanty supply lessened, by sending contributions to Europe, Asia or Africa, and our pity will not let us have contempt for him that would. These are our honest sentiments; right we believe they are; yet still they may be wrong of which fact should we ever be convinced, we will freely retract what we have now advanced.

Northern Star.

CHARACTER OF CHRIST.

The following is a glowing, but just description of the character of the Saviour, which we trust will be read with interest, and be productive of some happy moral effects.

Here every grace that can recommend religion, and every virtue that can adorn humanity, are so blended as to excite our admiration and engage our love. In abstaining from licentious pleasures, he was equally free from ostentatious singularity, and churlish sullenness. When he complied with the established ceremonies of his countrymen, that compliance was not accompanied by any marks of bigotry or superstition; when he opposed their rooted prepossessions, his opposition was perfectly exempt from the captious petulence of a controversialist, and the undistinguishing zeal of an innovator. His courage was active in encountering the dangers to which he was exposed, and passive under the aggravated calamities which the malice of his foes heaped upon him: his fortitude was remote from every appearance of rashness, and his patience was equally exempt from abject pusillanimity; he was firm without obstinacy, and humble without meanness. Though possessed of the most unbounded power, we behold him living continually in a state of voluntary humiliation and poverty; we see him daily exposed to almost every species of want and distress; afflicted without a comforter, persecuted without a protector, and wandering about, ac-

cording to his own pathetic complaint, because he had not where to lay his head.—Though regardless of the pleasures, and sometimes destitute of the comforts of life, he never provokes our disgust by the sourness of a misanthrope, or our contempt, by the inactivity of the recluse. His attention to the welfare of mankind was evidenced not only by his salutary injunctions, but by his readiness to embrace every opportunity of relieving their distress, administering to their wants. In every period and circumstance of his life, we behold dignity and elevation blended with love and pity; something which, though it awakens our admiration, yet attracts our confidence.—We see power; but it is a power which is rather security than our dread; a power softened with tenderness, and soothing while it awes. With all the gentleness of a meek and lowly mind, we behold a heroic firmness which no terrors could shake, and no opposition could restrain. In the private scenes of life, and in the public occupations of his ministry, whether the object of admiration or ridicule, of love, or of persecution; whether welcomed with hosannas, or insulted with anathemas, we still see him pursuing, with unwearied constancy, the same end, and preserving the same integrity of life and manners."

"He sets an example of the most perfect piety to God, and of the most extensive benevolence and the most tender compassion to men. He does not merely exhibit a life of strict justice, but of overflowing benignity. His temperance has not the dark shades of austerity; his meekness does not degenerate into apathy; his humility is signal, in a splendour of qualities more than human; his fortitude is eminent and exemplary in enduring the most formidable external evils, and the sharpest actual sufferings; his patience is invincible; his resignation entire and absolute. Truth and sincerity shine through his whole conduct.—Though of heavenly descent he shows obedience and affection to his earthly parents; he approves, loves, and attaches himself to amiable qualities in the human race; he respects authority, religious and civil; and he evidences regard for his country, by promoting its most essential good in a painful ministry dedicated to its service, by deploring its calamities, and by laying down his life for its benefit. Every one of his eminent virtues is regulated by consummate prudence; and he both wins the love of his friends, and extorts the approbation and wonder of his enemies. Never was a character at the same time so commanding and natural, so resplendent and pleasing, so amiable and venerable. There is a peculiar contrast in it, between an awful greatness, dignity, and majesty, and the most conciliating loveliness, tenderness, and softness. He now converses with the prophets, lawgivers, and angels; and the next instant he meekly endures the dullness of his disciples, and the blasphemies and rage of the multitude. He now calls himself greater than Solomon; one who can command legions of angels; the giver of life to whomsoever he pleaseth; the Sou-

of God, who shall sit on his glorious throne to judge the world. At other times we find him embracing young children, not lifting up his voice in the streets, nor breaking the bruised reed, nor quenching the smoking flax; calling his disciples not servants, but friends and brethren, and comforting them with an exuberant and parental affection. Let us pause an instant, and fill our minds with the idea of one who knew all things, heavenly and earthly: searched and laid open the inmost recesses of the human heart; rectified every prejudice, and removed every mistake of a moral and religious kind; by a word exercised a sovereignty over all nature, penetrated the hidden events of futurity, gave promises of admission into a happy immortality, had the keys of life and death, claimed an union with the Father; and yet was pious, mild, gentle, humble, affable, social, benevolent, friendly, and affectionate. Such a character is fairer than the morning star. Each separate virtue is made stronger by opposition and contrast: and the union of so many virtues forms a brightness which fitly represents the glory of that God, who inhabiteth light inaccessible."

Martindale's Dictionary.

Duelling.—The Committee of the New-York Legislature on this subject, have introduced a bill declaring the killing of a person in a duel murder; sending a challenge a high misdemeanor, punishable by fourteen years imprisonment in the state prison; seconds, aids and surgeons to be fined one thousand dollars. A similar law in every state in the Union would effectually put a stop to the vile practice.

CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.

"Pray as you have preached," said a minister to a friend who had been advancing in a sermon, a dangerous error. The friend received the admonition in kindness, and for a time attempted to pray according to the doctrines which he had inculcated; the consequence was, he soon renounced his errors and embraced a system of truth consistent both with theory and prayer.

The same, I am persuaded, would be the result, if the candid among the Methodist teachers, would on the subject of Christian Perfection, *cease to pray like Presbyterians*, while they preach like Methodists.—*Conn. Observer.*

On the above we take the liberty of publishing a few remarks. And, first, we admire the principle of praying and preaching the same sentiment, and that rule of testing the consistency and correctness of principle has been repeatedly urged in this paper. So far, then, we fully agree with the writer in the Connecticut Observer. Let us inquire how its practical effects would operate on our different principles. We believe that every intelligent being

in the whole creation of God, will ultimately be blessed in his existence—that all men, the ransomed of the Lord, shall join in praising the God of heaven for this goodness. We learn in the scriptures, that he wills the salvation of all men, and that whoever prays according to the will of God, is heard. We therefore pray for the best of blessings on all men, and pray in faith. We insist upon the equal goodness of God, and plead that his goodness is that which will finally lead all men to repentance. We thus exhibit a consistency which is visible to every observer. How is the case with those who in any way limit the goodness of God? Do they pray according to the will of God, that all the intelligent creation of God, may finally be blessed with the salvation of God, from sin and suffering?—They frequently do. But do they pray in faith, nothing doubting?—If they do they are Universalists, and we have no room for argument. But, if they thus pray with the lips, because they are thus commanded, while their heart is inditing a very different matter, is not the prayer an abomination to God? If they believe the will of God, and the destiny of man, are in agreement with the ceaseless misery of any portion of the human race, why do they not pray for this catastrophe, and thank God for this display of his vengeance? Now we ask all, who profess the Christian name, to receive "the admonition in kindness," either to preach the salvation of all men, or not thus to pray. If Methodists ought not to pray like Presbyterians, and preach as they pray, and if the consistency of doctrine requires the prayers to be offered in faith, with a corresponding doctrine, may the rule laid down in the Observer be the test of principle. We believe this course would lead many to renounce their errors, and to embrace a system of truth, in which praying and preaching would harmonize. Let all either pray as they preach, or preach as they pray.

Mathematical Question.—A cabinet maker had a box, the dimensions of which were 16 inches by 9, made of a peculiar kind of wood, and he had only one piece of the same kind to make a lid of, which was just 21 inches square. To suit the fancy of his customer, he was to divide it into two pieces only—What was the form of each piece?

An anecdote has gone the rounds about a shoemaker, who christened his son with divers big names. Old Mr. Ball of Massachusetts, had three sons—the eldest he named after his uncle Cannon—to the second and third he gave the fancy names of *Rifle* and *Pistol*—thus making a martial family.

A person of delicate feelings may be offended with open praise, but there never was one who could not be pleased with polite attention. Would you leave a good impression upon the minds of those with whom you have just become acquainted? make them pleased with themselves. When you have succeeded in doing this, they will never fail to be pleased with you.

Toilet.

Plant a young tree, or you cannot expect to cut down an old one.

Sacrifice your property for your life, and your life for your religion.

Spend your time in establishing a good name, and if you desire fortune, learn contentment.

Oddities and singularities of behaviour may attend genius; when they do they are its misfortunes and its blemish.—The man of true genius will be ashamed of them; at least he never will affect to distinguish himself by whimsical particularities.

Telescope and Miscellany.

"Earnestly contend for the faith."

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, FEB. 2, 1828.

RELIGIOUS FREEDOM.

It affords us no small gratification to be able to announce to our readers, that the Legislature of this State has confirmed the doctrine for which we have contended, by placing it out of the power of the Courts, which may hereafter be holden in this Commonwealth, to inquire into any man's religious belief or disbelief, or to receive any evidence concerning a witness, other than that which relates to his being interested in the case, a perjured or infamous person, or such as relates to his general character for truth.

This is placing the subject upon its proper basis, and leaving religion free from those restraints which have ever tended to corrupt and debase it.

The SENATE and House of REPRESENTATIVES saw clearly, that if permission were granted to impose any legal disability upon a witness, on account of his disbelief in any one, or more articles of human creeds, an effectual door would be opened for the most detestable hypocrisy: and that instead of shutting out the unprincipled and abandoned to vice, few would be rejected but such as were too conscientious to sacrifice their love of truth and honesty for the favour of a Court.

The promptitude and dispatch with which the BILL passed the two HOUSES and became a law of the State, is the best pledge of the strong attachment which the Representation of Rhode-Island feels to the principles of CIVIL and RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

To the Legislatures of Sister States, we would respectfully say in the language of the Saviour,—"go, and do thou likewise." We forbear saying more on this subject, as a pamphlet, containing the argument, both for and against the bill, is, or will soon be, before the publick.

FUTURITY.

"It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

With eager curiosity, mankind are constantly engaged to open the scenes of futurity and comprehend the destinies of eternity.—That inquiries of this nature should occupy the thoughts of beings who are capable of reflecting that they possess a principle which

may survive the ruin and decay of this frail tenement, is neither strange nor criminal; since they involuntarily arise in the mind, whenever we survey the narrow limits of our earthly existence. When called to behold the countenance of some dear and familiar friend, wrapt in the pale mantle of death, alike unconscious of, and indifferent to the gaieties of mirth and the lamentations of sorrow, the inquiry forces itself upon the mind,—Ah, whither has fled that intelligent spark, which once kindled up the countenance with animated rapture and glistened with every mark of joy in the eye of tender sensibility? The pale tenement is forsaken of that only principle which gave it all its charms and endeared it to many a heart. Its desolation bids us turn away in silence, to weep its sudden ruin, and with silent eloquence, seems to whisper, we are all hastening to the same goal—the portals of the house of death are already open to receive us!

What, then, is our destiny, and what the state upon which we shall next enter? To this inquiry, divine Wisdom hath not seen fit to furnish a full and perfect solution. He hath been pleased to draw a veil over its sacred realities, so that its precise condition shall never be known to mortals, until the period when experience shall succeed the exercise of faith, and unfold the realities, which “eye hath not seen nor ear heard.” It is true that life and immortality are brought to light by the gospel—but what are *life and immortality*? They are depths which mortals cannot fathom; and of which, at best, we can form but indistinct ideas. We can only *see through a glass darkly*, and obtain a faint vision of the enjoyments of future being: Yet it is doubtless sufficient for all the purposes of moral improvement, and such as would be adequate to aid our minds in the attainment of such inward assurance as is consistent with the duties of our earthly relation, and to keep alive the spirit of perseverance in the acquisition of all the knowledge which lies infolded in every department of the word of inspiration.

The destinies of future life, are undoubtedly such as infinite wisdom and goodness have ordained: and notwithstanding a perfect view of that destiny is hid from mortals, there is enough revealed to prompt our rational hopes, and excite in us a degree of reconciliation, when the visions of time fade and vanish from our sight.

The scriptures are not silent upon this subject—They assure us that “dust shall return to dust, and the spirit to God who gave it,”—and from the revelations of his love, no reasonable doubt can be entertained, that he will bestow such enjoyments as are suited to the moral condition and capacities of his creatures.

Amidst all the darkness which surrounds this interesting subject, the believer in Christ enjoys a cheering prospect. He sees that his Master is gone before, and is animated by the confidence, that “we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.”

On this bright prospect let me rest,

Till time and nature dies;
Then let me mingle with the blest,
And in their glory rise.

FOR THE TELESCOPE AND MISCELLANY

REPLY TO H. C.

Mr. Editor, Permit me, through the medium of your paper, to reply to a communication which appeared in its columns a few weeks since, over the signature of “E. C.”; and at the same time to offer some strictures on the Election Sermon of Professor Stuart, from which an extract is given in that communication.

Your correspondent seems very gravely to admonish his friends not to adopt, or especially, not to *avow* the sentiments so boldly condemned by the Rev. Professor; as though the denunciation of a religious sectary, where the attention paid to it is a matter of mere form, is immediately to become or is already the law of the land, and every one is bound to acquiesce and bow down to the image set up. I trust the time has not yet arrived, when the citizens of the State are ready to surrender their dearest privileges, and tamely to submit to all the proscriptions, which the interest of an aspiring clergy may see fit to recommend; nor do I believe that any considerable portion of the freemen are disposed to second such measures. Does your correspondent suppose that men will believe contrary to their own reason, and the weight of evidence, because Professor Stuart has said that such persons ought to be deprived of their civil right, or that they will fear to *avow* their honest belief, lest they should be robbed of their birth right of nature? Is hypocrisy the only garb of safety? If this is our situation liberty has indeed left our shores.

This writer does not attempt to prove the doctrine which the Professor advocates; nor the justice of the rule he has laid down; and in this instance he has acted very cautiously; for the ablest divines find it much easier to assert the doctrine of a punishment in the future world, for crime committed in this, than [they do] to prove it. And as to the *justice* of the position which the Professor published, it is out of the question. We might as well prove the justice of the most abject slavery, as that men ought to be deprived of their civil rights on account of their belief. Indeed I know of no surer method of giving these glaring assumptions a general circulation, than the one adopted by that writer. He has very particularly enumerated the effects of such a proscription, and any one must be blind indeed who cannot perceive the evils and injustice of such a measure.

I come now to notice more particularly the sermon of Professor Stuart. In the extract already published in this paper, he maintains that all who do not conform to a particular belief, ought to be debarred the privilege of an oath; which would debar them from participating in any of the offices of government and from prosecuting their own claims, and render insecure property, person and life; and his de-

liberately publishing this, shows that he would debar them this privilege if he had the power. Now it will require no argument to prove that the Rev. Professor would not choose to be denied these rights, which belong to every citizen. But he says with truth, if we have the Christian spirit, “We never can deny our neighbour any rights, which we could venture to claim for ourselves.” What is the conclusion? Has he the Christian spirit?

Hear him again.—“Under a government, which is free upon Christian principles, no man can be debarred from privileges which another is permitted to enjoy, or from claims which another is permitted to make, except by his own default, or disobedience to the laws of his country.” Is an honest belief a default, or disobedience to the laws?

Again we are informed by this extract, that heathenism is preferable to Christianity, unless the latter embrace the heathen doctrine of punishment in a future world, for crimes committed in the present life. “Persons of this class,” says he, “fall below the very heathen in their religious sentiments.” From this it is farther to be inferred, that he extends his charity to none, but those who *believe* precisely as he does; though they may “love God and their neighbour as themselves.” Hence we conclude that whenever he uses the name Christian, he means Calvinism. And when he speaks of “that form of government which they would prefer,” that he is to be understood as meaning “an exclusive civil establishment in matters of religion;” for, though he pretends to argue against it, he has already begun to prescribe rules on which to act. It is worthy of particular notice, that when he mentions such an ‘establishment’ he speaks of the “form of worship established;” and only discusses the propriety of tolerating other forms, and even says “it must be acknowledged, that it is not easy to meet the simple theoretical principle of this argument” for intolerance “by reasoning which is conclusive.” And then to oppose it, he merely urges the “difficulties in the way of putting any restraint upon liberty of conscience.” What is this less than advocating such an ‘establishment’?

This statement further maintains, that hypocrisy is preferable to sincerity; for if a man sincerely avow his belief, it ought to debar him from the privilege of an oath; but if he is hypocritical enough to deny his belief, then he might be permitted this privilege. Note the expression is “men who *avow*,” &c.

The Professor acknowledges in his statement that if he did not fear a punishment in a future world, as the heathen do, he would perjure himself if permitted to depose, and that it would be “a mere mockery of all the forms of justice and all the rational principles of true liberty, to admit him to the privileges of an oath.”

It has repeatedly been said that the orthodox clergy of this country were aspiring to ‘an exclusive civil establishment in matters of religion;’ but we have never before seen so open an avowal of this kind as is found in this ser-

mon. We cannot give evidence to his arguments against such an establishment, when he has openly recommended a most unjust proscription, directly at variance with the principles of his discourse. It would seem either that the clergy are so confident of success that they do not fear an exposure of their object; or that they find their cause becoming desperate, and are making one signal effort to secure their own ascendancy. Which ever it is, we hope the firmest of the people, under the protection of Almighty God, will secure our dearest rights from their grasp.

Old Colony.

H. O.

FOR THE TELESCOPE AND MISCELLANY.

SKETCH OF A SERMON.

"And lo the angel of the Lord, came upon them and the glory of the Lord shone round about them and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them fear not, behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people, for unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord."—LUKE II. 9-11.

As christians, as lovers of the Lamb, with sensations of joy, must we hail this day.—A day set apart for the celebration of the birth of Christ the Lord.

Having our minds properly directed to him; possessing correct views of his character—the object of his coming and the final end of his reign, we cannot but be filled with the most heavenly sensations—tempered with the purest spirit of gratitude and love. It is hoped that with such sentiments and feelings we have this day assembled:—that by the same, we shall be directed in all our devotions: then indeed shall we be influenced as were the heralds of salvation when they addressed the dismayed shepherds: much of that glory which attended them, shall shine into our minds, warm and vivify our hearts. In pursuing our subject we shall observe the following order:—

I. Notice that most good tidings are limited in a degree.

II. Notice, wherein the *birth of Christ was, is and shall ever be good news* to all people.

Deliverance from poverty & increase of wealth by honest means, spreads joy through many a heart but soon does this give way to sorrow—riches may take to themselves wings, and fly away—wasting sickness—the devouring element—misfortune after misfortune beat upon us—dash from our lips the cup of prosperity, and leave the bitter dregs of adversity.

After a people have suffered long beneath the scourge of war, the widows heart torn with anguish—while famine spreads her destroying hand, and drives to deeds of violence those once virtuous and happy:—how do the hearts of millions, hail with rapture the return of peace! soon may internal discord, political contention, the unprincipled ambitious, spread their poisonous breath; nip the olive branch of peace, and throw the mantle of dread apprehension, over many a heart.

To those who have long borne the yoke of oppression—how grateful is it to throw it off and beneath the tree of liberty—civil and religious, drink the cooling waters of freedom—

worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience while there's none to harm molest or make afraid. But soon the cloud of adversity, black with pride, delusion, bigotry and superstition hovers over them; hides those cheering rays which once rendered them so truly happy; and thus burdens far more hard to be borne are bound upon them by their own sins and follies.

The birth of an earthly prince spreads joy through the realm, but this too is oft turned to mourning for his death, or misery beneath his oppressive reign—Had it have been known how great would be the blessings of the life of a Washington; with what rapture should we have hailed his birth!

Yet few, and comparatively short, must have been the days of gladness! he too must go the way of all the earth!

Thus shall we find that most good tidings, are but limited in their nature. But the birth of Christ, *was, is, and ever shall be good news to all people.* This leads us to notice wherein the birth of Christ is thus good news.

I Good: for in, or by him, are fulfilled the prophecies, the fulfilment of which, is a strong and undeniable evidence of the authenticity of the scriptures—those scriptures upon which rests the immortal hopes of the christian; which alone bringeth life and immortality to light, and banishes the horrors of the tomb.

It was the birth of him who possesseth all power in heaven and on earth—Lord over all ruling in the hearts of man. Of a *Prophet*, yea *more than a Prophet*. One who reveals the will of God; by whom also it shall be accomplished—who will instruct us to duty, and to whom we shall give an account for deeds done in the body, and who will finally guide the universe to unending glory.—That of a *Priest* who was perfect, who offered himself an all atoning sacrifice for the sins of all the world.—That of a *Prince*—the Prince of Peace, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom and to whose dominion there shall be no end, whose law is love—who is the author of eternal salvation to every one that believeth and who shall finally triumph over sin, death and the devil—in whom all nations, families and kindreds of the earth shall be blest—who shall punish sin, make an end of transgression and bring in everlasting righteousness.

A light to enlighten the Gentiles, and the salvation of God, to the ends of the earth.—

With these sentiments in view, we follow him, from the manger, to the cross—his whole life is devoted to the good of sinners; he weeps with the mourner, he feeds the hungry—heals the sick, opens the eyes of the blind, unstops the ears of the deaf—raises the dead and preaches the gospel to the poor. In Gethsemane's garden, his tears, his cries, his bloody sweat bear witness to his love; and the agonies of his soul.—Betrayed by the traitor Judas, like a lamb he goes silently to Calvary's bloody height: nailed to the cruel wood—pierced by the spear; three long hours he hangs a bleeding victim for the sins of all. Stop not here, tho' in the tomb of Joseph he be lain—

and soldiers guard its entrance, and rocks forbid him rise—An angel, moved by the mighty power of God, descends—rolls away the stone—and triumphantly rises Christ, the immortal Victor of death and hell!—He appears to his disciples, removes their every remaining doubt, as to his resurrection; after having been seen by more than five hundred persons at once, he leads his disciples as far as Bethany;—gives them his parting blessing, and while they worship him, a chariot of glory bears him to heaven—to the right hand of the Majesty on high! Finally, every knee bows before him, a vast multitude which no man can number, every creature in heaven, on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the seas, and all that in them are, unitedly ascribe glory and honour dominion and power unto him that sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever. Tears are wiped from off every face—God is all, and in all. A ransom world is made forever holy—forever happy—"Eternity! Eternity of bliss shall tell the rest!"

[To be continued.]

FOR THE TELESCOPE AND MISCELLANY.

ON CREATION.

The man who wishes to learn the character of his Creator, as it is in reality, will find it portrayed in striking colours in the ample round of the Universe. When man takes a survey of the many provisions and contrivances with which the vast creation is stored, he cannot forbear the expression of his thanks, that he is blessed with so many manifestations of the benevolence of the author of nature! The frequent inspection of the works of God, has a tendency to elevate the soul to a contemplation of the Deity himself, and fills us with the warmest emotions of gratitude towards him.—The unfathomable ocean, that roars, and foams, and dashes its towering billows; the tempest, that shatters the loftiest trees of the forest, and defaces the whole external appearance of nature; the earthquake, that swallows up whole nations at once; and the lightning's flash and thunder's roaring sound, all proclaim in the most emphatic language, the power, the wisdom, and the unbounded, yea, the real sovereignty of the grand Architect of the Universe! He overrules all things for good! He is good unto all, and his tender mercies are over all the creatures of his hands. Looking at the transparent dome, that overhangs our heads, we perceive countless millions of celestial bodies, whose sparkling centre stamps on the beholder a conviction of the deepest and most unsearchable wisdom of him who formed those glorious orbs out of chaos, and intimate the providential care of the deity to man! The agreeable diversity found in the compass of natural existence; in conjunction with the lofty mountains and verdant plains, proves, that, in the Creation of the earth, the Deity designed the happiness of all the creatures that he made. In surveying the different animal and vegetable productions with which this Universe is so abundantly

dantly stored, we find, that each one is satisfied with the portion of felicity which the Deity, in his wisdom has seen fit to communicate to them. The wants of all creatures seem to be well satisfied. "He openeth his hand and satisfieth the desire of every living thing."—God is the parent of all; we derive our existence from him; we are preserved in being by his providential care, and when we die, the body moulders to dust, and the spirit returns to God who gave it. People are too often disposed to think that being who daily upholds us, and without whose aid we could not subsist one moment, unfriendly and evil disposed toward his creatures. But God is good to all now, and God will always remain so. This, the Bible, and the Creation plainly teach.—We all experience his goodness, and we can of our own selves do nothing. Let us then banish the idea, that God is not the friend to all. Let us be careful to entertain right notions of our Father in heaven, whom we ought to praise for his goodness, and reverence for his wisdom and power. We all know, that, if it were not for the sustaining hand of Omnipotence, we should soon drop into annihilation, and we all know, that his all-sustaining arm is essential to the existence of all this. Impiety is its own punisher. Pious men will never distrust that being who gave them all of which they can boast. God has apportioned out to all, their measure of happiness, after the council of his own will; and shall man, ungrateful for his past goodness distrust him as to the future? Shall rational intelligences, who are capable of studying the works of the God of Nature and of ascertaining their laws and modes of operation; shall such beings be unmindful of the duties due to the God of heaven, and be unsatisfied with what they already possess? This is impiety indeed. Look around our world, and see if there is not just cause for satisfaction and content. Are all the blessings of life to be undervalued and life itself thrown away in illusory schemes and unprofitable labour? Creation preaches differently.—God causes his sun to shine on the evil, and on the good, and sendeth his rain upon the just, and upon the unjust. God has given man innumerable blessings, and showered down his blessings with a liberal hand. Look through the vast creation; behold myriads of beings, all participating of that goodness which is unlimited & all displaying that wisdom, which is unsearchable, and that power which is uncircumscribed, and tell whether these various beings, co-operating together for the general good, and displaying the utmost felicity; whether, I say, these were not meant to contribute to the happiness of man, whom we call the Lord of the animated Creation? Cease then complaining of the dispensations of God. He gives us present felicity, and he gives us a prospect of the future. Render unto him the tribute of gratitude for what he has already done; imitate his example in doing good to all your fellow creatures; pray to him when devotion fires your breast; enjoy whatever he gives you; patiently submit yourselves to his dispensations,

whatever they may be; and praise him for his former goodness and parental care!

J. F. M.

Poetry.

FROM THE TOILET,

ANIMA IMMORTALIS EST.

"Secura ridet ANIMA mucronis minas,

"Enseque strictas interire nascis.

"Extinguit sidera,——

"Etate languens ipse Sol obscuras

"Emittit orbi consenscenti jubar."

NATURE must die—tis but th' etherial part,
(That lights the brain, and animates the heart,) Which can survive the darkness and decay,
When all earth's mightiness shall pass away.
That mystick thought which Fate cannot chain here,

But waves its pinions in another sphere—
Darts thro' the heaven of heavens to gaze on suns,
That blaze, like gems, around eternal thrones,
And wings its homeward flight, to bid the breast
Sigh for those realms of everlasting rest—
That thought mysterious, it must be eterne;
SPARK of heaven's sun, it must forever burn!

Yon moon, that pours from far her silver light,
Must fade at length in death's oblivious night;
And all yon stars that meet the wond'ring eye,
Must sink forever from the darken'd sky:
And MAN, who shines in life's horizon clear,
The glory and the wonder of his sphere,
Must live to drain the bitter dregs of care,
And fly—alas! he cannot tell to WHERE!

But there's a hope—a glorious HOPE that tells,
Bright in yon heavens the immortal spirit dwells!
That GOD-LIKE SEMBLANCE of th' Almighty Mind
To dull oblivion cannot be consigned;
It must ascend, on wings that never tire,
Far as the confines of etherial fire;
Unchecked its flight—eternally 'twill soar,
And brighter, brighter, shine forever more!

SUM—SED QUIT?

Brown University, Jan. 1822

FROM THE TOILET.

TAKE BACK THE FLOWER.

Take back the flower—my soul is wrung—

I cannot wear its beauty now;
Go, wreath its blushing tints among
The ringlets of a gayer brow.

I cannot wear the lovely flower
Above my so distracted brain;
Twere like fresh garlands clustering o'er
The form that may not breathe again,

Take back the rose—it speaks my doom,
It mocks the pallid hue of care;
The youthful cheek, in vermil bloom,
May with it glow and be as fair.

Take back the rose—my pallid cheek—
My breaking heart—my beamless eye—
Speak to my soul, and true they speak,
Like this frail flower I must die.

THE GRAVES OF THE MARTYRS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

The kings of old have shrine and tombs
In many a minster's haughty gloom;
And green along the ocean side,
The mounds arise where heroes died:
But show me, on thy flowery breast:
Earth!—where thy nameless Martyrs rest!

Ten thousands, that uncheered by praise,
Have made one offering of their days;
For truth, for Heaven, for Freedom's sake
Resigned, the bitter cup to take,
And silently, in fearless faith,
Bowing their noble souls to death;

Where sleep they, Earth?—by no proud stone
Their narrow-couch of rest is known,
The still sad glory of their name,
Hallows no fountain unto fame,
No—not a tree the record bears
Of their deep thoughts and lonely prayers.

Yet haply all around lie strewed
The ashes of that multitude;
It may be, that we each day tread
Where thus devoted hearts have bled,
And the young flowers our children sow,
Take root in holy dust below.

Oh! that the many rustling leaves
Which round our homes the summer weaves,
Or that the streams in whose glad voice
Our own familiar paths rejoice,
Might whisper through the stray sky,
To tell us where those slumberers lie!

Would not our inmost hearts be stilled
With knowledge of their presence filled,
And by its breathings taught to prize
The meekness of self-sacrifice?
—But the old woods and sounding waves
Are silent as those humble graves.

Yet what if no light footstep there
In pilgrim love and awe repair;
So let it be!—like Him whose clay
Deep buried by his Maker lay,
They sleep in secret, but their sod,
Unknown to man, is marked of God.

SELECTED FOR THE TELESCOPE AND MISCELLANY.

BY EUGENIA.

ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.

All that's bright must fade
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest;
Stars that shine and fall,
The flower that droops in springing;
These, alas! are types of all
To which our hearts are clinging.

Who would seek or prize,
Delights that end in aching?
Who would trust to ties
That every hour are breaking
Better far to be
In utter darkness lying,
Than with light to see
That light forever flying.

Married,

In this town, by President Wayland, Mr. Benj. J. Brown, to Miss Eunice S. Barker, all of this town.

On the 24th ult. by Rev. Mr. Pickering, Mr. William Brown, to Miss Ann Williams, all of this town.

On the 28th ult. by Rev. Dr. Edes, Mr. Joseph A. Scott, to Miss Juliet Howland, both of Pawtucket.

On the 28th ult. by the same, Mr. Jonathan C. Farmer, Printer, to Miss Sarah P. Mason, of this town.

On the 29th ult. by Rev. Mr. Pickering, Captain James G. Bowen, of Fall-River, Mass. to Miss Mary Allen, of Newport, R. I.

At Blackstone, on Sunday evening, 30th ult. Mr. Charles Heaton, of North-Providence, and formerly of this town, to Miss Henrietta Gates.

Died,

In this town, Capt. Christopher B. Prentiss, aged 46.

In Carver, Mass. on the 30th ult. Mrs. Azubah Shurtliff, wife of Mr. Nathaniel Shurtliff 2d, aged about 43 years. Mrs. S. in life maintained a virtuous and impeccable character, and by her departure, the surviving relatives and friends, sustain an irreparable loss. She was an affectionate wife, a kind and tender mother, an amiable sister, and a benevolent and obliging neighbour. She met death, the king of terrors, with Christian fortitude and resignation, rejoicing in God as her friend and father, and in "Christ as the Saviour of the world." Her lamp of reason shone bright, until her glass was run, and her last moments were employed in admonishing and imparting the best advice and instruction to those she left behind. On the day of her interment, an appropriate and interesting discourse was delivered by Rev. James H. Bugbee, from Luke viii. 52. "And all wept and bewailed her, but he said weep not, she is not dead but sleepeth."

"Farewell kind FRIEND till that momentous hour,
When the imprisoned soul shall burst away
And meet thee, in some sweet, celestial bower,
Enrapt in splendour of eternal day."

Communicated.

In Springfield, Mass. on the 17th ult. Henry Ballou, only child of Rev. L. R. Paige, aged 25 days.—"Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of God."

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Immediately, two Lads 14 or 16 years of age, as APPRENTICES to the Printing Business. Apply at this Office.

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Reconciliation of all Things.

JUST published, and for sale at this office, A Sermon entitled "Reconciliation of all Things," by Rev. L. Maynard. Published by Request. Price 10 cents.

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OR

LADIES' CABINET OF LITERATURE.

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